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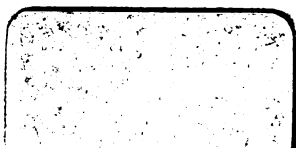


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AMERICAN SKETCHES.





AMERICAN SKETCHES.

—♦—
BY THOMAS C. UPHAM.
—♦—

Si neque tibiae
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesbourn refugit tendere barbiton.



NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY DAVID LONGWORTH,
At the Shakspeare-Gallery,
For the Author.

—♦—
Feb.—1819.
—♦—

Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the first day of February, in the forty-third year of the Independence of the (L. S.) United States of America, DAVID LONGWORTH, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"American Sketches, by Thomas C. Upham.

*Si neque tibi
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesbom refugit tendere barbiton."*

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to an act entitled "An act, supplementary to an act, entitled an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

N. Van Riper, Printer, Greenwich.



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The first of these is the fact that the
 government has been unable to
 maintain a stable currency. This
 has led to a loss of confidence
 in the government and a
 consequent loss of business.
 The second is the fact that
 the government has been unable
 to maintain a stable
 economy. This has led to a
 loss of confidence in the
 government and a consequent
 loss of business. The third
 is the fact that the government
 has been unable to maintain
 a stable political system. This
 has led to a loss of confidence
 in the government and a
 consequent loss of business.

ADVERTISEMENT.



Instead of offering the customary tribute of useless and impotent apologies, and seeking in prefatory prose to atone for the delinquencies of the poetry, I hope the reader will pardon me for venturing on a few remarks connected with the literature of our country ; especially as they cannot be accounted wholly irrelative to the scope and character of the subsequent sketches.

A nation's durable honors and celebrity depend as much upon its achievements in letters, as in arts and arms. The waves of Scamander and the tomb of Achilles are the theme of admiration from boyhood to old age, and from the cottager to the prince, because

they have been embalmed and canonized by the delightful sorceries of Homer. Of the many opulent and powerful empires which have existed, of the many acts of individual heroism and exalted virtue in the highest degree honorable, the majority are either totally forgotten or but slightly remembered, for there was no lyre to celebrate and no historian to record.

The mighty empire of the Persians is but indifferently commended, and the small republic of Athens is universally studied, applauded, and admired, because the achievements of the latter were recorded and embellished by the skill and genius of her annalists and bards, while the meritorious citizens of the former were honored with no trophied monument to direct the inquisitive admirer of virtue, and with no tributary strain to console the slumber of their tombs. Of the numerous states in Italy, that so bravely and strenuously opposed

the rising power and extension of Rome, although it is sufficiently evident, that some of them must have been eminent for the excellence of their institutions and their physical and moral strength, scarcely any thing is at present known, and the glory of soldiers as brave as Horatius Cocles and of statesmen as discreet as Numa, was never transmitted to after ages, because their countrymen were more devoted to the cultivation of war than of literature, and the harmonious song of the muses gave precedence to the clangor of arms.

For the purpose therefore of perpetuating the memory of her honors, and securing the durable fruition of her fame, we are satisfied of the obligation resting upon our country, since she is already deservedly respected for her achievements in war, in the mechanical arts, and in the science of politicks, to nourish in her bosom a succession of scholars, as eminent in the departments of literature, as

her statesmen are in the cabinet and her soldiers in the field. And while it is incumbent on our citizens, who are devoted to the study of polite letters to rally round the good name of their country, to diffuse new enchantment over her scenery, and to ensure a wider celebrity to the chivalry and worth of her living and departed heroes, it is the duty of that country to encourage and reward them as the promoters of her happiness and the embalmers of her glory.

It has been remarked, however, and we controvert the observation, because expressions of that kind may have a tendency to dishearten and retard the progress of those who have an inclination to make literature their study, that the number and diversity of works of imagination are such as to preclude originality in one, who writes at the present period, or the attainment of any excellence, which is not already familiar to the public in the works of the great masters. In answer

to this it may be observed, and the observation is corroborated by the paramount authority of Gibbon, that the prominent object of a poet's study is the human heart, and that descriptions of external nature, from the hyssop on the wall to the cedar of Lebanon, from the dew of the flowret to the humid radiance of the evening cloud, are chiefly valuable as interpreters of the passions, and as helps in developing the hidden mysteries, ties, and operations of the soul. This being the case, it is abundantly obvious, that no writer, who possesses a commanding and splendid mind, *in quo eniteret ingenium*, if he repose proudly on the resources of his own intellect and his own observation, needs be apprehensive of the charge of plagiarism, or fearful of the absence of originality; for, as in contemplating the figures of the kaleidoscope, every new position of the tube discovers a new combination of forms and colors, so men contemplated in new positions, or

under new circumstances, generally discover new traits of character and novel modifications of feeling.

If every successive age, even to the termination of time, should produce a Shakespeare and Homer, there is not the smallest likelihood, that such rare intellects and so richly gifted would find any difficulty in the creation of splendid fictions, corresponding to the aspects of external nature and authenticated by the testimonies of the human heart, without the least infraction of the limits occupied by their predecessors, or any lack of canvass for their own pencils to operate upon. But even if there were considerable correctness in the intimation, that the domains of genius have been almost exclusively occupied, and the pinion of invention has become circumscribed in the range of its excursions, still every country exhibits certain peculiarities of scenery, certain striking features in the character of its inhabitants, and is remarka-

ble for marvellous events in some periods of its history, and for affecting local incidents worthy of the efforts of genius, and of being commemorated in song ; so that no spot of earth is lonely and so flowerless as to preclude absolutely the visitations of the muse. Every rood of Scotland, her hills and moated castles, her bleak mountains and threatening precipices are as dear to the memory and as classical, as the isles of Greece and the plains of Italy. From the bower of Jayadeva and the tomb of Hafiz, to the frozen shores of Iceland and the hut of the wandering savage, the nymph of poetry has thrown her mantle over the most forbidding and solitary, as well as the most lovely climes, and struck the notes from her lyre in forests, in gloomy caverns, and on the shores of the murmuring ocean, as well as in the saloons of princes, and the gardens of the happy. Gray, in a passage of his exquisite Ode on the progress of Poesy, has alluded to its consoling and dif-



fusive influence, in expressions which are indicative of his habitual correct taste and fervid imagination.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky lores.

If then other countries almost universally cultivate in a greater or less degree the arts of song, and contrive to encircle with a sort of local enchantment their mountains, waters, and windshaken woods, if even the "odorous" fields of Chili, and the "climes beyond the solar road" passes in all likelihood their Aonian summits, Helicons, and vales of Tempe, shall not our native country listen

to a single "witchnote" in the commemoration of its glories? even if it should be granted, that the multiplicity and superlative merits of works of imagination already known is such as to preclude any great original efforts, which is a position sufficiently absurd, still is it not befitting and desirable, that the cliffs, the dark forests, the secret waters, and beautiful vallies of our own as well as those of all other countries should be known and sung? is it not right that the crumbling residence of the Bashaba should be honored with a commemorative tribute, that the wing of the wakon-bird should rustle in the bower of the muses, and the broad white flowers of the magnolia shine in the wreaths that illumine this side of the waters? shall not the winds from our mountains utter ærial accents? shall not the blood of our fathers cry from the ground and discourse stern music in the ears of their children? but it is sometimes remarked that our's is not the land of poetry, that



our national character is not sufficiently remote and indistinct to admit the amplifications and embellishments of fancy. All this may be partially true, and still there can be no doubt, that this country would afford more interesting and original subjects than almost any other, subjects capable of being wrought into diversified forms, and susceptible of the most intense interest. Our character as a combined people could not, it is clear, be so definitely and lucidly delineated, as that of many European nations, nor should we be likely to discover on this side the ocean the ruins of antiquated castles and lonely monasteries, dilapidated walls and fortresses, and the decaying columns of ancient edifices, which in Europe are such fruitful sources of fiction and romance. But the American writer would have this advantage, that he would not be limited to the delineation of a particular cast of character in the defect of well-defined na-

tional features ; for in the same opening of the forest, and on the banks of the same shadowy river, he might listen to the wild song of the Swiss and the pibroch of the Highlands, and the shamrock planted at his door by the child of Erin, and the pruning hook in the hand of the "blue-eyed German." The secluded recesses of the forest would discover the long, green plume of the savage, while the shout of the hunter echoed from the mountains, and the smoke through the silent valley curled from the wigwam of the Sagamore. Europeans may ridicule our name, our country and our prospects, but in the clime so grossly misrepresented and defamed, it is not possible for them to deny, that an ample and most interesting field is open for literary speculations and exertions. The character and civil habits, the piety and magnanimity of the first settlers, the sufferings and devotedness of the missionaries, who penetrated into dreary



forests and the abodes of savages; the societies of christianized indians; the characters of celebrated chiefs; the adventures of the first explorers of the country; the seclusion, devotions, and sufferings of frontier villages, are enchanting topicks as well for the pencil of the limner as the lyre of the bard; and are so remote and indistinct as to admit, where they require it, the inventions of fiction and the adornments of fancy. We will mention a single instance as an exemplification of our remarks. As early as the year 1720 there resided on the banks of the Kennebeck a christian and a scholar, who had been instructed in the universities of France, and had entered the forests of our country for the purpose of initiating the savages into the knowledge of the Redeemer; and he contemplates not an illusion, but a fact, who can behold in imagination the venerable missionary, when at evening the sunbeams are receding from the breast of the wave, when the

wing of the mountain-bird is retiring to rest and the murmurs are softly heard from the pine tree, can contemplate him, far from the intrusion of the white-man's footstep and the glare of civilized life, in the midst of painted savages and cinctured chieftains, lifting his eyes and hands to heaven, and imploring the mercies and forgiveness of Jehovah. Sebastian Ralle the Jesuit, however, was a man, who with distinguished good qualities was not exempt from the weaknesses of our nature ; he was one of the eminent scholars of his time ; he was the pastor of an indian church in the almost impenetrable forests of America ; he lived a life devoted to his country and his God, and fought and died in defence of his altars, his home, and the rights of his savage congregation ; on such a subject the imagination would choose to linger, and the pencil of a master wish to be employed. There is another character of a very different aspect who might be instanced. If, in the early and



obscure periods of Greece. Homer found probably the illdefined archetype of his brave, revengeful, and imperious Achilles, the early periods of our own history make us acquainted in the celebrated king; Philip, with an Achilles still more complete and distinct in his lineaments; a monarch of the forest, who combined the adroitness and political sagacity of an european, with the bloodthirsty revengefulness and intrepidity of the savage.

There is a circumstance related of Philip, which is more eloquent than volumes in explication of his character. Eliot, the apostle of the indians, once preached before him, but the son of Massassoit, after having listened to him with the proud and silent attention of a savage chieftain; took hold of a button of the preacher's coat and said to him, "I do not value the gospel any more than that." It is said that the english poet Southey is occupied on a work, which will include Philip's achievements and

character, and beyond a question the subject he has chosen is worthy of his eminent poetical abilities. Campbell has thrown the "witching" enchantment of his muse round Susquehanna's waves and the walls of Wyoming, and the wild and vigorous fancy of the author of Roderick cannot but do justice to scenes and remembrances, which are dear to the bosom of every American. These brief and precipitate remarks are sufficient, we hope, to evince the wide field for literary exertions, which is opened to Americans ; and while Chateaubriand and Southey, Moore and Campbell have paid the tribute of splendid genius to the wildness of traditionary and historical incidents, and the magnificence of our scenery, it is much to be wished, that Americans themselves would do justice to their ample opportunities, and efface the reproach that still lingers on the disk of their country's honor.



AMERICAN SKETCHES.

DARK-ROLLING CONNECTICUT.

Oh, tell me no more of the blisses prevailing,
Where grandeur and wealth hold their canopied
state,

Oh, tell me no more of the joys never failing,
That gladden the soul in the halls of the great ;
For dearer to me are the rocks and the mountains,
The hills and the vales to remembrance allied,
The murmuring of winds and the rushing of foun-
tains,
That haste to Connecticut's dark-rolling tide.

Dark-rolling Connecticut, oft I remember
The days and the years that I spent on thy shore,
And the tribute of tear-drops unconsciously render,
When thinking those days shall be present no
more.

D

Once sweet to my soul, as the fragrance of morning,
 When the rose to the sunbeam opes blooming
 and fair,
 Once bright as the dew-drop the tulip adorning,
 Like shot-stars, they sunk in the desolate air.

Though a dream of the past, still tis fruitful of pleasure,
 To remember, when nature had gone to decay,
 And the forests were mantled in winter's white
 treasure,
 How pleasantly pass'd the long evenings away.
 Around the blithe hearth, that was cheerfully
 gleaming, [reign,
 Drew the circle, where beauty and wit held their
 With soft sayings and smiles the day's hardships re-
 Ah, never to sooth the sad spirit again. [deeming,

The memory of joys, like the winds of the west,
 That visit the chords with a magical swelling,
 Awakes a sad melody, deep in the breast,
 Though sweet every vision of pleasure repelling.
 And I think, as I look on adversity's dart,
 'T would soften its anguish my head could I pillow,
 When life, like a vision, shall fade from my heart,
 By the side of Connecticut's dark-rolling billow.

THE PILGRIMS. (a)

When the wanderer welcomes his parent's embrace,
[greeting,
After long years of absence his dear, loved home
The gems o'er his cheek, how each other they
chace! [meeting!

Their rapture how high, oh, how happy their
 So wept they with gladness and welcomed the
 shore, [were o'er.
 Where their perils were ended, their wanderings

On the deck then the pilgrims together knelt down,
And lifted their hands to the source of each bles-
sing, [frown,

Who supports by his smile or can blast with his
To him their returns of thanksgiving addressing.
His arm through the ocean had led to the shore,
Where their perils were ended, their wanderings
were o'er.

All hush'd were the breezes, the ocean at rest
 Was bright in the radiance that linger'd at even,
 The prayer of the pilgrims arose from each breast,
 Each tongue utter'd forth hallelujahs to heaven.
 The arm of Jehovah had led to the shore,
 Where their perils were ended, their wanderings
 were o'er,

WE SWEAR TO BE FREE OR DIE.

Why blaze their rich banners, like autumn's gold
 sky?

Why ring the shrill bugles so loudly there?

Why frets the wild courser, why kindles his eye,

As he beats the green earth so proudly there?

By the blood of our fathers in battle, who perish'd,

By the joys and affections we fondly have cherish'd,

By the grass on the graves where our warriors are
 sleeping, [weeping,

By our fire-sides and homes and the eyes that are

We swear to be free or die.

Why screams the shrill fife, where their rich banners fly ?

Why flash the red cannon so loudly there ?

Do they think there's a freeman, who dares not defy

The tyrants that threaten so proudly there ?

By the oaks o'er our mountains and rivers, that flourish'd, [nourish'd,

By the dust of the mothers, our childhood who

By the hopes to the good and the brave that are given,

By the honor of earth and the glory of heaven,

We swear to be free or die.



BUNKER-HILL.

The clang of armour bursts its way to heaven,
A pyramid of fire has upward risen,
Beneath its blaze the bleeding steeds are driven,
And smoking clouds roll downward fearfully.

How flaming embers o'er that mount are shed,
How many on that crimson mount have bled,
How cleft the despot's sword the hoary head,
Of him who fought for death or liberty.

Twice, twice the tyrant's fiery steeds of war,
Have upwards whirl'd the vengeance of his car,
The flash from freedom's sword fell deep and far,
Like burning whirlwind on their pageantry.

See, Warren's reverend head is bow'd in gore,
Stark, Putnam, Prescott, freemen, once, once more,
Plunge deep your glittering swords, from yonder
The howl of vengeance hurries fearfully. [shore

A third time upward rolls the battle's shock,
It comes, like ocean, rolling 'gainst a rock,
And freemen's swords and bleeding bosoms mock
That fiery clash of desperate agony.

Hush'd is the cry of death, and Bunker-hill
No longer starts to hear the bugle shrill ;
Cold is each oozing breast, each bosom still,
That fell in freedom's struggle gloriously.

HOW SINK THE BRAVE.

How sink the brave, who in the blaze expire,
Where tyrants kindled freedom's funeral pyre ;
Who in her dear defence their falchions bore,
And fought to conquer, fell to bleed no more.

Oft memory lingers near, their turf to bless,
And scatter o'er it nature's brightest dress ;
Oft valor pauses, as he passes by,
And many a tribute sparkles in his eye.

Oft freedom leaves her wildly blooming cell,
And haunts the turf, where crumbling heroes dwell,
Bends o'er the sainted earth, and bathes the sod,
Of those, who rose from battle to their God.

WHEREVER THOU ART.

To the north, to the south, to the east, to the west,
Wherever thou art, there my heart shall be blest ;
Wherever thou art, there to linger with thee
Is a country, a home, and a fireside to me.

If the wide world afflict thee, dear Colin, repose,
On the breast all thy own in thy blisses or woes,
Through every succession of joy and of shame,
Still loving forever, forever the same.

Farewell to green Erin and welcome the shore,
Where the exile has joy and his sorrows are o'er ;
To the north, to the south, to the east, to the west,
With Colin, dear Colin—my heart shall be blest.

ABRAHAM'S HEIGHTS.

The white sails are shining along the blue billow,
The cold winds are blowing adown, adown,
And they wave, as they whistle, the birch and the
willow, [brown.

And the huge, towering oak with its yellow and
And the long spiry grass, that is bathed in the tide,
Where Wolf and Montcalm in their glory died.

That morning again on the earth shall be never,
When the death-cry of war on the wild winds
burst,

And the eye of the warrior was pluck'd out forever,
And the heart of the fallen was trodden in dust,
And Abraham's heights with gore were red, [dead.
And glitter'd with swords and were heap'd with

The boatmen are singing, the white sails are flowing
From the mountains comes down the cold wind's
breath,

But the plume of the warrior no longer is glowing
And his bosom heaves not on the fields of death
And the grass springs up and the wild flowers dwell
Where Wolf and Montcalm in their glory fell.

The sun o'er the hills of the west is descending,
But once as he rode in his fields of light,
He saw the brave thousands in arms contending,
And rivers of gore and the claymore bright,
And the clash of steel and the reddening strife,
Where Wolf and Montcalm were rest of life.

That sun shall refulgently shine on the morrow,
But the warriors, that fell on Abraham's plain,
From the dust where they slept in gore and sorrow
Oh, they never shall rise again, again,
Till the world is shook and the trumpet's breath
Shall startle their gory bed of death.

THE NEW-HAMPSHIRE HUNTERS.

Yonder goes down the star of night,
We'll rest us here, till the morn is bright,
The foot of the deer was swift to-day,
And balmy sleep shall our toil repay.

Heavenly dews the stars have shed,
To bathe the flowers, that grace our bed ;
The moon is bright and we'll rest us here,
For hard has been the chase of the deer.

The burning of pines shall cheer our sleep.
And the fang of the wolf at distance keep ;
Sweetly, oh, sweetly sound the trees,
That rustling are in the nightly breeze.

The light is out in the cot afar,
But the bandog bays the lonely star ;

The deer springs up on the mountain's side,
Arching his neck with fearful pride.

The sound far off is the wolf's deep howl,
The neighboring sound is the boding owl,
The sound above us and still more near,
Is whip-poor-will breathing in night's dull ear.

Come, brothers, tis time for sweet repose,
In slumber we'll steep our weary woes,
The murmuring brook rolls softly by,
And the hawk hath seal'd his burning eye.

Before the sun from the ocean springs,
Before the eagle extends his wings,
Forests and cliffs we'll rouse afar,
With the kindling peal of sylvan war.

CHRYSTAL TEAR.

The flower of my heart, when a farewell I bade her,
 The chrystal tear stood in my eye,
 I begg'd her to trust in the being that made her,
 And the chrystal tear shone in her eye ;
 How her heart-rending words and her tears did de-
 plore me,
 Like a statue of misery, the dear maid bent o'er me,
 But I could not remain, from her bosom I tore me,
 The chrystal tear stood in her eye.

But the war changed to peace and our dangers
 were ended,
 The chrystal tear stood in my eye,
 Like a lark from the vessel, full soon I descended,
 And the chrystal tear shone in my eye ;
 I sought my fond Mary, before my lids slumber'd,
 But the villagers said, with the dead she was num-
 ber'd,
 The bosom so faithful with clods was encumber'd,
 No chrystal tear shone in her eye.

THE SLAVE.

Gone are the days, forever gone,
When Yanko wander'd free as air,
Beneath the palm of Congo's plain,
Along the blooming banks of Zaire.

Then grief annoy'd not Yanko's breast,
Content shone brightly through his soul,
And bliss illumed his lonely path,
Where Afric's waves to ocean roll.

But like the red wind's burning breath,
The whiteman wander'd o'er my plain,
He tore me from my humble shed,
And bound me fast in many a chain.

Oh, it is better far to feel,
The lifeblood oozing from the heart,
Or rue the foeman's quivering steel,
Than feel the pang of slavery's smart.

How then my mother beat her breast!

How then my children clasp'd my knees!
When far I left sweet Congo's plain,
My breezy tent and tamarind trees.

Their pangs are o'er, when high the moon,
O'er James's wave shone white and fair,
And sleep had closed my wearied lids,
I dreamt I wander'd 'long the Zaire.

And robed in white the dear ones came
From three green mounds that near me rose,
Oh, weep no more for us they said,
Our sufferings long have had a close.

So, cease, dear Yahko, cease to mourn,
And labor through thy toilsome day,
For soon the shadowy hour will come,
Which, earth with earth, shall mix thy clay.

Then free from toil and free from pain,
With us thou'lt wander, wide as air,
In fields more sweet than Congo's plain,
By rivers brighter far than Zaire.

VALE OF SHAVAWNON.

In the vale of Shavawnon far distant and 'lone,
 With the breast, that is faithful in suffering and
 pleasure,

A cottage shall be for a world of our own,
 And friendship, dear friendship our bliss and our
 treasure.

If joy weave a chain, it shall bind us in one, [ness;
 And cheer both our bosoms with light and with glad-
 If grief throw a dart, it shall pierce both or none,
 So close will we mingle in joy and in sadness.

In the vale of Shavawnon our incense shall rise,
 And the birds of each bough sing to charm and to
 cheer us;

All the blisses, that linger this side of the skies,
 Contentment, affection, and quiet be near us.

In that vale on our footsteps life's twilight shall steal,
 And the dew of the morning and eventide's weeping,
 When our breasts have forgotten to throb or to feel,
 Shall shine o'er the sod, where in peace we are
 sleeping.



GO, GO, MY DEAR BOY.

The war-dogs are howling, go, go, my dear boy,
 This sword shall be thine, for your ancestors wore
 Ere age stole apace to afflict and destroy, [it,
 Or the rust of disuse had ignobly grown o'er it ;
 In the hard tug for freedom be faithful and true,
 And her chaplets shall sprinkle thy temples with
 dew.

Shrink not, my dear gem, from the deathfire of strife,
 I had rather by far in its blaze see thee perish,

Than yield to a tyrant one moment of life,
 Or a moment his chain on thy breast have thee
 cherish.

Go, go, to the wars, and remember, you bear
 The blade, that your forefathers gloried to wear.

And when you come back to your fond mother's
 arms, [nearer,
 To my bosom I'll bind thee a thousand times
 And gaze with new rapture on all thy young charms,
 While fondness and peace shall wax dearer and
 dearer.

Go, go, my dear boy, for the war-dogs are nigh,
 These eyes shall pursue thee, go, conquer, or die.

DEAR MYRA, I HAVE FED THE DART.

Dear Myra, I have fed the dart,
Till it has stung me most severely ;
I little thought to find the heart
So cold, that I had loved so dearly ;
But still, dear maid, my bleeding breast,
Thy charms and every grace shall cherish,
Till life and love shall sink to rest,
And hope and memory shall perish.
Fare thee well.

And think, oh, think no more of me,
For that might mar thine hour of gladness,
And I had rather never be,
Than cast a single shade of sadness,
Along that brow's celestial hue,
Where lingering hope had hung delighted,

Till all its golden visions flew,
And all my bosom's joys were blighted.
Fare thee well.

Dear, charming flower, a long adieu,
And when another clasps thee kindly,
Think not his love more warm or true,
Than his, who loved so long and blindly ;
And if we part to meet no more,
A joy, a hope, a rest is given,
When time and all its pangs are o'er,
To those who serve and live to heaven.
Fare thee well.

COME INTO MY WINDOW.

Sweet bird, that art shivering, this cold stormy day,
The blast of December around thee is scowling,
Come into my window, this cold, stormy day,
Nor be out in the fields, when the tempest is howling.

Come, sing on my bosom, thou sweet little bird,
To my heart will I press thee, and call thee my
deary ;
My own hand shall feed thee and soothe thee to rest,
No want shall afflict and no dangers be near thee.

Oh, sing not so sadly, come in from the breeze,
The blasts of December in sorrow have found thee,
Make a nest in my bosom instead of the trees,
Nor be out in the fields, when the tempests are
round thee.

THE BLIND SOLDIER.

Kind gentlemen, pity a soldier in suffering,
Who is not only poor and decrepit, but blind,
Oh, regard not with coldness an old man's affliction,
His heart will be glad if your coffers are kind.

In Chippewa's battle I fought with the English,
But alas ! I was taken in arms by the foe,
And nothing they reck'd of the heart, that was
breaking,
And nothing they counted the pulses of wo.

These limbs with the rust of their chains were cor-
roded,
These eyes shut in darkness no longer could see,
And when they released me my freedom foreboded,
But little of peace or of gladness to me.

Kind gentlemen, pity a soldier in suffering,
Who is not only poor and decrepit, but blind,
Oh, regard not with coldness an old man's affliction,
His heart will be glad if your coffers are kind.

NIAGARA.

The bow that encircles Niagara's flood,
Inwoven with topaz and tintured with blood,
Shines over the waves, to the gulf that are hurl'd,
With crimson and gold, like a banner unfurl'd.

So when our frail bodies are hurried away
From the world, where we live, and the bright
 blooming day,
And over eternity's barrier the soul,
Like Niagara's billow shall fearfully roll,

May the bright arch of hope be resplendent above,
Embellish'd with gleams of forgiveness and love,
And spread through the heavens its gold; sunny
To illumine the darkness and ruin below. [glow,



ONE TEAR-DROP AT PARTING.

One tear-drop at parting, one heart-warm caress,
Shall brighten our darkness, our bosoms shall bless,
For a voice seems to whisper, the moment that parts,
Shall sunder for ever our lips and our hearts.

The hours, that have faded, have wreath'd a gold
chain,
But the present is breaking its radiance in twain ;
The light that it scatter'd, the strength that it bore,
Are melting to earth to console us no more.

And the tears, that we shed, when forever we go,
Remembrance shall cherish and oft bid them flow,
And the links of our joy, that are sever'd to-day,
Shall blossom and shine in the light of their ray.

THE ISLE OF THE DEAD.(b)

Around yon lonely isle, the blue waves roam,
And wildbirds there the evening song renew ;
There found the fallen brave a quiet home,
There death his pall around their ashes threw.

No sylvan maids are seen to wander near,
And strew with dewy wreaths that verdant spot,
No weeping mother bends above their bier,
No aged father wails their timeless lot.

How lonely that blooms isle ! the brave, who died,
And in its bosom silently recline,
The elm above them spreads its verdant pride,
And dewy wildflowers o'er their slumbers shine.

Those fallen breasts with honor once beat high,
 And throb'd for death or glory's wreath of light,
 They sternly strove, when ruin hover'd nigh,
 They shone in battle and they sunk in night.

The pride of beauty, manhood's fervid glow,
 The eye of valor and the lips of lore,
 Deep in their narrow cave are still and low,
 Condemn'd to silence, fall'n to rise no more.

No more for them the rosy morn shall gleam,
 No more the wildbird charm sweet evening's close,
 No more shall friendship soothe life's fever'd dream,
 No more affection 'lure them to repose.

But oh, tis vain to murmur or bewail,
 Dwells ought on earth, that long on earth shall be ?
 The columns of the world itself shall fail,
 Its gorgeousness shall fade, its pomp shall flee.

The soldier's arm and glittering shield of war,
 The heart that beats with valor's pulse of fire,
 The scythe of death their day-of life shall mar,
 Their throbs shall languish and their pride expire.

E'en kingly heads shall like the peasant's fall,
And splendor, joy, and princely pomp decay,
The crowning pageantry of life's a pall,
The sun of glory shines but for a day.

That lonely isle holds in its narrow breast
The poor remains of those who fought and fell,
There in each other's cold embrace they rest,
Long shall they slumber in that verdant cell.

Till, when the last great day shall rend the skies,
And call the sleeping from each silent grave,
Yon blooming sods shall from their bosoms rise,
And render up to heaven the slumbering brave.

No eyes can be brighter on earth I am sure,
Than the dearest and warmest which sparkle at
home,
And so brilliant the smiles o'er Coheco, so pure,
The bosom throbs heaving, believe me, to roagn
Is like casting one's roses and rubies away,
In hopes of a brighter or lovelier ray.

Be my fate then as bright or as dark as it will,
The vision shall never be pluck'd from my mind,
But my heart and my thoughts shall turn joyfully
still

To the scenes so enchanting, the bosoms so kind,
To the souls, that were made for endearment and
truth,
To the elms of Cocheco, the home of my youth.

*So recall not the soul, that is ready for flying,
If hope is the star that enlightens death's vale,
For who would reprove the glad spirit from dying,
To tenant this mansion of weeping and wail?
When its stain's wash'd away by the full crimson
gushes,
From the wounded Redeemer no longer deform,
When plumed and invited to heaven it rushes,
On pinions more bright than the tints of the morn?*

MAID OF SUNCOOK.

Yes, Edward, once I thought thee true,
And oh, too long, too long believed thee,
But now my faith I dearly rue,
And wail that e'er thou thus deceived me.
And couldst thou wring the bosom so
That lived, exulted, to caress thee ?
Oh, couldst thou rend this heart with wo,
When every throb arose to bless thee ?

You call'd me charming, faithful, fair,
You vow'd your love was mine forever,
But oh, those words were sugar'd air,
They broke my peace and heart, deceiver.
Go, then, thou heartless Edward, go,
And bathe thy faithless cheeks with sorrow,
For me though grief is mine and wo,
No pangs shall goad my life to-morrow.

And if in death thine eyes behold me,
And watch thy Mary's pallid clay,
Think then of all thy lips have told me,
Think then, they flatter'd to betray.
Thus Mary's voice her anguish spoke,
When shifting clouds on high were driven,
When scream'd the night-bird from the oak,
And shone the troubled stars of heaven.

And from the cliff o'er Suncook's wave,
That round its craggy base was breaking,
She downward sought her watery grave,
And slept the sleep that knows no waking.
The frighten'd eagle, soaring high,
With terror struck his startled pinion,
But gentle Mary's frantic eye,
Was closed in Suncook's dark dominion.

MONTGOMERY'S RETURN.

There came down the Hudson, one bright summer's
even,

Not a chieftain from war, nor a spirit from heaven,
For the warrior expired as the brave wish to die,
When danger was threat'ning and glory was nigh,
But the corpse of that warrior, the bones of the brave,
Tho' forty years buried, came down the dark wave.

There came down the Hudson, at closing of day,
Montgomery's bones in their funeral array ;
All dark was his coffin, all lonely his shroud,
And the weepers around him were mourning aloud;
They mourn'd for the chieftain, who struggl'd of old,
Whose body had crumbled, whose bosom was cold.

In the times, that have faded, he fought at Quebec,
But the quicksands of battle there made him a
wreck, [doom,

By the walls of Quebec, where he met with his
The highminded Englishmen gave him a tomb ;
But his country have summon'd his bones down the
wave,

In the land of the freemen to find them a grave.

THE IROQUOIS.

An Iroquois stood by Ontario's waters,
All lonely, and sorrow was full in his breast,
For the white-men had cover'd his country with
slaughters, [rest
And he sigh'd for the brave, who had fallen t
To his tresses the plume of the mountain-bird clung
On his back fill'd with arrows his quiver was flung
He wept for the days, when existence was young
And glory and pleasure his bosom had bless'd.

If I turn the dear vale, said the Iroquois, seeking,
Where my forefathers dwelt, every step, that I go
Some scene will discover, too feelingly speaking,
Of joys that have vanish'd, of ruin, and wo ;
The tree of my cradle is prostrate and dead,
The smile of the mother, who rock'd me has fled,
The warriors, to battle my footsteps, who led,
'Neath the sods of that valley are mould'ring and
low.

bund the hut of the sachems the flowrets are
shining, [wall,

And the bow is still hung on its wind-shaken
 ut the brave who were there, in the grave are re-
 clining, [in her fall ;

For their country they fought, and were crush'd
The spear of the hunter is wasted with rust,
And the arm that once hurl'd it is with'ring in dust,
Or the wrath of the foe on the Iroquois burst,
And broaches and blanket were changed for a pall.

Then adieu, ye dear vales, said the Iroquois sighing,

And swiftly he paddled his birchen canoe,
To a wild, desert cave near Ontario, flying.

Where the cliffs touch'd the clouds and the dwarf-
ish firs grew,

And the white-men shall never disturb his abode,
For neither the deer nor the hunter e'er trode,
That moss-cover'd, flinty, and mountainous road,
Where nature her cliffs round the Iroquois threw.

FORGET THEE ?

Forget thee ? when this heart is dead,
 When life and all its joys have fled,
 When memory's gone, and friendship's o'er,
 And kindred throbs shall beat no more ;
 Then, not till then, so grief forego,
 Can I forget thee, no, love, no.

Forget thee ? when the rose to blow,
 When vernal suns forget to glow,
 When flowers no more their fragrance bring,
 Nor wild birds charm the breathing spring ;
 Then, not till then, so grief forego,
 Can I forget thee, no, love, no.

Forget thee ? Mary, can it be,
 That word has ever dropp'd from thee ?
 You reck'd too well, you knew this heart
 Could never act so vile a part ;
 Then cease to weep, then grief forego,
 Can I forget thee ? no, love, no.

THE BIRCHEN CANOE.(c)

In their coffins the dead lie and slumber in clay,
 But a birchen canoe yonder hastens away,
 Which contains in its bosom cold, lifeless, and red,
 A soldier in battle, who struggled and bled.

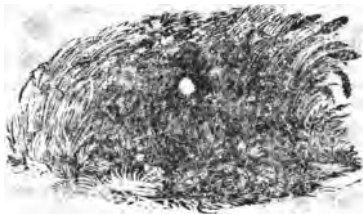
Thou pale, bleeding soldier, thou white, birchen boat
 Oh, whither, oh, whither so far would ye float ?
 That soldier so crimson, when death had come nigh
 Laid down in that vessel to languish and die.

That birchen canoe, now he's dead, o'er the wave,
 Is bearing his body to find it a grave ;
 And whither it hastens and where will be soon,
 Is a cave wrought by fairies to shelter the moon.

That birchen canoe shall go down in the deep,
To find out a place, where a soldier might sleep,
cell

And wreaths made of moonlight shall gladden his
And fairies by moonlight shall dance to his knell.

For a coffin, that boat shall recline o'er his breast,
And the murmurs of Lovellspond sooth him to rest ;
For a shroud o'er that soldier the green weeds shall
bloom,
And fairies by moonlight shall dance round his tomb.



OH, FEAR NOT MY JEWEL.

Oh, fear not my jewel, his mother replied,
Sweet flower of the forest, no wo shall betide,
Perhaps t was the hunter return'd with his prey,
His quarry rush'd down from the mountains to-day.

So hush thee, my darling, I'll rock thee to rest,
And sweet be thy slumber and calm on my breast ;
Oh, wo shall befall us, dear mother, he said,
The red-men are coming, list, list to their tread.

They came and their hatchets were red in her gore,
As pale as the white moon she presses the floor,
But the child they have torn from the fond parent's
breast,
And hurried him off to the hills of the west.

LUCINDA.(d)

Far in the west had sunk the sun,
The woods hung dark o'er Hudson's tide,
Lucinda's bosom throb'd for one,
For she was Heartly's destined bride ;
And Heartly's plume that day had shone,
In battle's red and fiercest blast,
And pale, dejected, and alone,
She sought him, where it tower'd last.

And, oh, her voice along the wild,
With anguish call'd her Heartly dear,
The stars with dewy radiance smiled,
Her cheek was bathed with many a tear ;
My fond and charming soldier, come,
Oh, hasten to my arms, she said,
Here thou shalt find a faithful home,
Secure from war and nightly dread.

Dear, brave, and faithful Heartly, where,
 Where shall I find thy place of rest?
 When shall my heart be free from care?
 When shall I clasp thee to my breast?
 Her form so fair, her voice so sweet,
 Her footsteps wand'ring through the glen,
 Have rous'd the red-men's dark retreat,
 Have call'd the savage from his den.

Two Mohawks heard her tender prayer,
 And springing from their nightly rest,
 They seized her golden wreaths of hair,
 And plunged their hatchets in her breast;
 Her snowy arms were red with gore,
 Adieu, dear Heartly, then she cried,
 In heaven we'll meet to part no more,
 And, like a drooping lily, died.



WHEN FAR FROM NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

When far from New-Hampshire young Sandy had
wander'd,

He often look'd back to each hill and each wild;
To the dear blooming shades and the streams that
meander'd,

Around the sweet scenes, where his young hours
had smiled.

Though kind was the welcome, that rose up to
greet him,

And nature's best tints had illumin'd his way,
He thought of the friends, that had basted to meet
him,

On the banks of Cocheco, in life's early day.

And oft to New-Hampshire the bright tear is flowing,
When memory summons each scene of the past,

The cool, pebbly brook and the elm o'er it growing,
And the friends, that are dearly his own to the last.

While honor and truth in his bosom are burning,
Young Sandy, though distant shall never forget,
And often his thoughts to the dear hills returning
Shall cling to the scenes that are loveliest yet.



THE RIVER OF BLOOD.(e)

When the Saco roll'd down to the ocean its flood,
 Its waves were of crimson, its billows were blood
 And the willow leaves dipping were sprinkled with
 gore,
 Like the rein of the courser when battle is o'er.

The swan and the wild duck, that swam on its
 breast,
 Had lifted their wings for a billow more blest ;
 At evening like chrystal, at morning its wave
 Was red as the heart-blood, that bursts from the
 brave.

Say, why has the Saco pour'd down in its flood,
 For waters of chrystal, a torrent of blood ?
 Alas, it betokens sad ruin and strife,
 The gushing of blood and the quenching of life.

Oh, soon shall the banner of war be unfurl'd,
 And summon its legions to trouble the world ;
 Old England her thousands shall pour o'er the soil
 To plunder and murder, to conquer and spoil.

THE WIND WAS COLD O'ER HUD-
SON'S WAVE.

The wind was cold o'er Hudson's wave,
The moon adorn'd her silver throne,
The wolf had sought his rustling cave,
The placid stars serenely shone ;
When Anna sought the lonely shore,
Where sea-birds scream to ocean's roar.

She dreamt she saw his pallid form,
All mantled in its snowy shroud ;
It shone amid the nightly storm,
Above the waves, that murmur'd loud ;
And, oh ! his pale lips seem'd to say,
Still my heart and cold my clay.

And since that night of vision'd wo,
On Oscar's fate her soul has hung,

For her no joys were known to flow,
But bitter griefs her bosom stung ;
And lonely now she seeks the shore,
Where sea-birds scream to ocean's roar.

Who bleeds upon that flinty shore ?
Whose breast is scarr'd, whose locks are torn ?
Anna, thy boding griefs are o'er,
Thy troubled heart has ceased to mourn ;
The boat-men found them where they lay,
One turf has wrapp'd their mould'ring clay.



ONONTAGUE.(f)

Twelve hundred white moons their effulgence have
shed,

On Onontague's path, as they roll'd o'er his head ;
And now when his years are all faded and flown,
The blaze of your vengeance is burning a stone.

The French and Algonquins, your arts I disdain,
Your threat'nings and tortures are empty and vain ;
Leap up the bright pile, let me blaze in its fire,
I'll mock at your torments and scoff at your ire.

Twelve hundred moons shining my days have
made bright, [light ;
And the blood of your sachems has flow'd in their
This arm, that is burning, the spear has oft hurl'd,
Which summon'd the best of its foes from the world.

Algonquins and French, I will mock ye to scorn,
And glory shall rise o'er my tomb, like the morn ;
When his body has crumbled, his spirit on high,
On Onontague think and from him learn to die.

COCHECO.

Tis not that the waves of Cocheco
Are purer or brighter of glow ;
Or brighter the shrubs and the flowrets,
O'er the waves of Cocheco that blow.
Tis not, that the sumach, which blushes,
As it bathes in its shadowy tide,
Or the pinion its billow, that brushes,
Are better than thousands beside.

Tis not, that the meadows are greener
Or the oak-trees more tow'ring and hoar,
Or the canopied heavens serener,
Than you've witness'd an hundred times o'er.
Tis this, that so gladdens Cocheco,
It shone on the times, that have fled,
And the trees to be sure are the brightest,
That full often have waved o'er my head.

Tis this, that the days of my childhood
Have play'd 'mong its elms and its vines,
And remembrance can count ev'ry wild-wood,
And murmuring häunt, where it shines.
Tis this, that the waves of Cocheco
Still bloom for the friends that are near,
Tis this, that so makes its recesses,
Its shades, and its roses so dear.



A NEW-YEAR'S PRESENT.

Camilla, my fond one, the lily and rose, [bright,
That a little time since were so blooming and
Their splendor and fragrance have come to a close,
And another short year hath betaken to flight.

Tis a few days ago, when we walk'd out one morn,
As the sun was just rising above the green hill,
The pear-tree was laden, the rose hid the thorn,
And sweet was the querulous voice of the rill.

The thrush and the linnet were joyous and gay,
The lark sweetly sung from his tent in the sky,
From the hazel's retreat burst the blackbird away,
And the fields seem'd in beauty and music to vie.

Camilla, the landscape hath lost its delight,
 The earth is all barren, the trees are all bare,
 The forest indeed wears a mantle of white,
 But the voices, that cheer'd it, no longer are there.

My fond one, how changed is the face of to-day !
 To be sure the winds whistle unjoyous and drear,
 But the flowers have faded, the birds flown away,
 Their music all died with the death of the year.

Still the sun shall return and his lamp shall be nigh,
 And the trees, that are naked and torn by the blast,
 Be again green as ever and rich in his eye,
 But, Camilla, life's year is the first and the last.

Our lamp shall wax dim and our sun shall retire,
 And our bodies ere long shall be crumb'd to dust,
 Who then will breathe in us a spark of new fire ?
 Camilla, life's year is the last and the first.

A sun, that's eternal, shall burst on the tomb, [wise,
 And commence a new-year, saith the voice of the

His rays thy dark prison shall pierce and relume,
And sprinkle with splendor thy path to the skies.

There no birds are regretted, for harps that are
strung,
By the cherubim, seraphim, burst on the ear,
The praise of the Lamb and the Father is sung,
And glory eternal encircles the year.



THE JERSEY PRISON-SHIP.

The eyes of the captives wax glassy in death,
 Their bosoms are heaving, and thick is their breath,
 O'er the waves of the Hudson, their dark murmurs
 hear,
 Go, hie to the Jersey, and drop the warm tear.

Oh, see them pent up in their floating domain,
 The bars are close round them and fast is each chain,
 Their gory tormentors preside on her deck,
 And below worth and manhood are going to wreck.

See the brother lamenting his dead brother low,
 See the tears o'er his cheek, mark, how brightly
 they flow,

H 2

Mark his pale quivering lip, and his eye's sunken
 flame, [name.
 And the tongue, that just utters the fallen one's

Here one wildly shrieking a last effort makes,
 To reach the barr'd window, ere life he forsakes ;
 Another retreats to his pallet of straw,
 All sullen and silent his last breath to draw.

Some are struggling with death as they press the
 cold floor,
 Some are wading mid ruin, corruption, and gore ;
 Some are lifting their hands to the tyrants for bread,
 Some are dragging away the remains of the dead.

Some driven to madness by keen, goading pains,
 With their teeth strive to sunder their cold, rusty
 chains,
 Some breathe forth in curses their horrid despair,
 Some pallid and drooping are knelt down in pray'r.

Old England ! the land, where my forefathers dwelt,
 Be vengeance and wrath on thy hoary head dealt,

Or rather let grief and contrition arise, [skies.
For the life-blood of thousands, that calls to the

And, oh, my own country, if e'er she forget
The time, when her bosom with slaughter was wet,
When her sons in the Jersey were shack'd and died
Or shed the last drop, as they fought by her side ;

If e'er she forget, may the death-cry assail [vale ;
Every forest, and mountain, and broom-blossom'd
May ruin come o'er her with strife and dismay
And trample her children to ashes and clay.



ON THE GIANT WHITE MOUNTAINS.

On the giant White Mountains (g) at setting of day,
A wanderer linger'd and bright to his view,
Was the landscape below him at distance that lay,
And ope'd its wild beauties transporting and new.

The smoke from the forest was curling beneath,
While the tints of the rainbow were decking the
sky,
And the clouds caught, in many a silvery wreath,
The gleams that were purest and brightest of die.

He look'd and the sun sought his wave in the west,
But the wanderer's spirit to ecstasy given,
Felt a glow rushing o'er it, that's known to the
blest, [ven.
And he wish'd that he then was ascending to hea-

That wanderer is dead, and asleep in his grave,
 And tall is the grass round his white, pointed
 stone,
 No more in his view shall the green forests wave,
 No more on the earth will his footsteps be known.

Yet, Wilson, when many a day shall have fled,
 On the giant White Mountains the stranger shall
 see,
 The name on the cliff of the fallen and dead,
 And recount all thy virtues when thinking of thee.

When he views from the vallies the blue smoke arise
 He'll think of the wanderer who view'd it before,
 When he notes the shrill eagle around him that flies,
 He'll weep for the fallen, whose wand'rings are
 o'er.

WALPOLE-FALLS.

Where the firs hang suspended from cliffs rude and
 pointed,
 And darken the turbulent billows that flow
 O'er the masses of granite pil'd up and disjointed,
 In many an eddying whirlpool below ;

As the gazer recounted the wonders which nature,
 Had fram'd with her magical hand in that place,
 He thought, as he musingly dwelt on each feature,
 It was thus with the lot of our frail, weeping race.

Our river of life, as he traced the waves motion,
 Is whirl'd, he exclaim'd, over channels like those,
 Disturb'd in its progress and rous'd to commotion
 By the griefs and the sorrows its course that op-
 pose.

THE VOLUNTARY SACRIFICE.

By the broad Pascagoola the Chactaws had met,
 And their victim was ready to die ;
 In glory he rose and in glory will set,
 The foeman he slew, but the tear of regret,
 Ne'er stole from his marble-cold eye.

That victim was Mingo, in wrath he had slain,
 A Chactaw who call'd him a slave ;
 And he said, that his hatchet should serve him again
 Till he robed it in crimson and blood fell like rain,
 When a Chactaw insulted the brave.

Then he told them to put him to death, as adieu
 He bade to the friends who were near ;
 To the white men he said he had always been true.
 And to them he committed the kindred that grew
 To his soul inexpressibly dear.

But his father came forth from the crowd round
about,

And exclaim'd, that his years were all gone ;
That the lamp of existence with him was most out,
But his son was a blooming and vigorous sprout,
And he wish'd to be slain for his son.

He counted for nothing, a year or two more,

For honor and glory were dim ; [store
The gleam of his lamp nought on earth could re-
And pale as it burnt it would quickly be o'er,
And the sooner the better for him.

He said, that his son was an eagle on high,

And strength still abode in his wing ;

He said, that his son was a star in the sky,

But for him, all he wish'd, in his place was to die,

For his life was a profit less thing.

Oh, die not, said Mingo, oh die not for me,

And his cheek was illumined with tears,

For myself, I shall fade, like a wave in the sea,

But my father will fall, like a full-spreading tree.

And I cannot make shorter thy years.

But his father rejoin'd, twas not perfectly so,
That for him, he had finish'd his race,
But his son was as swift in the woods as the roe,
And was skilful and strong with the spear and the
And he said he would fall in his place. [bow,

Then a parting embrace as he hastily took
And bade them a tender farewell ;
He offer'd his head, and the merciless stroke,
The chain of his being full suddenly broke,
Like a tree ripe with honors he fell.

The day-light has sunk in the wave of the west,
And the victim who died for his son ;
The turf of the valley is cold on his breast,
And calm be his slumbers and sweet be his rest ;
His journey of being is run.



Then lifting his voice, he exclaim'd, and they said
 He was heard by the other ship, sailing at hand,
 While waves roll'd in mountains and dash'd o'er
 his head,

“ We are all as near heaven, by sea as by land.”

Anon the large vessel all shining and white,
 Sunk down in the fathomless depths of the deep ;
 In a twinkling her pageantry vanish'd from sight,
 In a moment the sailors were cradled to sleep.

Humphrey Gilbert the man was, who look'd o'er
 In the stern of the vessel the mystical leaf, [alone,
 When with voice, that would harrass a bosom of
 He utter'd the wonderful accents of grief. [stone,

And oft will the sailor-boy sportively say,
 Along the great deep, as he travels the wave,
 Humphrey Gilbert, think ye, is he reading to-day,
 In the depths of the ocean where stormy winds rave?

Most likely that prophet hath sunk to a sleep,
 Most likely the mermaids have found him a cave,

In the green, blooming fields of the watery deep,
And coral and sea-weed encircle his grave.

So peace to his manes and wherever we fly,
Be our watch-word in danger, the joy of our band,
That saying of Gilbert, when ruin was nigh,
“ We are all as near heaven, by sea as by land.”



THE PREMONITION.(i)

A banner of lightning shines far in the sky,
 And the hoof of the courser the black cloud is
 beating ;
 How the combatants gleam, as to conquer or die,
 They rush redly on to their desperate meeting !
 Spear jangles with spear and the loud cannon flash,
 The tide of destruction through heaven is rushing;
 Trump hollows to trump, and gash answers to gash,
 And through the thick clouds are the crimson
 tides gushing.

Say, brother, what means such a desperate strife,
 This shouting, this gleaming, and clashing in
 heaven ?
 This falling around us of red drops of life, [even ?
 Those cannon that blaze like the north-lights at
 Oh, brother, now list, all this dreadful array,
 A time, that is nigh us, these marvels betoken,
 When war like a whirlwind shall spread its dismay,
 And the chains of the tyrant be sunder'd and
 broken.

HOW SWEET THE SCENE.

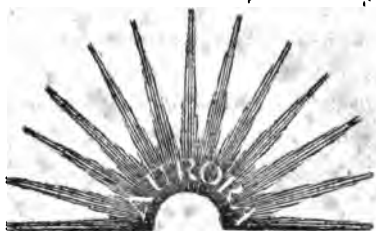
How sweet the scene, when godlike virtue dies,
 When crumbling nature looks up to the skies,
 When sister spirits call the soul away,
 From heaven to earth, from night to glorious day.

How sweet the scene, which views the good man
 soar,
 Where sin and sorrow shall be known no more,
 Where songs are sweetest and where joys are near
 And guardian angels wipe the mourner's tear.

When glimm'ring fires around the world shall
 gleam,
 And end this glitt'ring shadow of a dream,

When heaven's last trump shall burst the fear
 And bid the dust of sleeping ages rise, {skia

Then far from ruin and the cries of wo,
 From shades that blacken and from fires that glow
 The virtuous spirit, like a snow-white dove,
 Shall reign in glory, happiness, and love.



THE INDIAN SCHOLAR.

Wo, wo be thine, thou bitter day
That tore me from my wigwam's joys,
And changed my arrow, bow, and plume,
For English dress and letter'd toys.

'They dragg'd me from my mountain tree,
They took away my belt and spear;
'They bade me ponder Maro's page,
And think no more of scenes so dear.

But yonder gold and blazing sun
Shall o'er my native wigwam set :
And though my heart was torn away,
Its dearest throbs still cling there yet.

Thou golden sun, I'll follow thee,
And go where blooms the desert's flower ;
I'll seek my native, western wild,
And hail my childhood's dewy bower.

For what is Maro's page to me ?
Or " thoughts that breathe," and words that glow !
My steps have brush'd the mountain dew,
My arrows pierc'd the bounding roe.

Then fare ye well, ye well known haunts,
Ye learned tomes and wisdom's stole ;
Be mine to range o'er dell and mount,
No law to fetter or controul.



ISLE OF WOCOCON.(k)

Dear isle of Wococon! one look and adieu!
The savage exclaim'd, o'er the wave as he flew,
For the Englishmen came to his wigwam and bore
Wingina afar from his dear, native shore.

Wococon, he cried, though the hue of thy skies,
And the tints of thy vallies may glad not his eyes,
Wingina will weep, when afar he shall flee,
And recall the sweet island beyond the blue sea.

When the winds discourse terror, the rude tem-
pest lowers, [bowers;
His thoughts shall return to thy dear blooming
When the breeze murmurs softly, the waves cease
to roll,
Wococon shall still be the light of his soul.

Of thee will he think and recall each dear place,
That gladden'd his moments in life's early race ;
Of thee will he think, for his arrow he threw,
In life's early reign o'er thy summits of dew.

Sweet isle of Wococon, dear home of my heart,
Though the white men unfeeling have torn us apart
While memory lives in the wanderer's breast,
Wingina will cling to the isle he loves best.



WILL YOU GO TO OHIO.

Will you go to Ohio with me, my dear maid,
 Will you go to the beautiful river, dear ?
 Where the rays of content from the heart shall not
 fade,

And the leaf of enjoyment shall not become sear ;
 Will you go to Ohio with me, my dear maid,
 By the beautiful river your tresses to braid ?

The wave of Sebago is bright to be sure,
 Its vines and its roses are exquisite, love,
 But who to reside on its banks could endure,
 So far from the beautiful river, dove ?
 For our lot has been hard in the clime we adore,
 And, my gem, will you go to a far distant shore ?

K

Oh, yes, where your foot-prints are mark'd in the
dew,

My footsteps will quickly be after, dear John ;
If you leave the Sebago, your path I'll pursue,

If you linger, your Anna will still linger on ;
For the light of your fondness, wherever it shine,
Makes every thing charming, delightful, divine.



THE THREE MOUNDS,

*Said by the old French inhabitants of Vincennes
to contain the ashes of the savages, who fell in a se-
vere battle, fought near the commencement of the
last century.*

When o'er the Wabash setting daylight smiles,
And gilds, Vincennes, thy distant spire with gold,
Thy turns the pensive eye to yonder piles?
Why lingers fancy on their hallowed mould?

The scene is pass'd, forever fled the day,
When chiefs, from Mississippi's monarch tide,
With Wabash sachems met in war's array,
And arm in arm each frantic foeman died.

Cold is their senseless dust, extinct and gone
 The eye of lightning, and the pulse of fire,
 The tongue, that cheer'd the struggling warriors o
 The arm, that sought to conquer or expire.

In yon three rising mounds their bones repose,
 Together there recline the crumbling dead ;
 They rest together, though they once were foes,
 And clasp each other, though they once have blea

Imagination loves to trace the scene,
 Ere Europe's strangers trod this western shore
 When nature threw around her brightest green,
 And bade her mountains bloom, her billows roa

When nought in all this blooming waste was heard
 Save huntsman's loud halloo and whistling spear
 Save soothing song of evening's lonely bird,
 And trampling hoofs of flying herds of deer ;

E'en now she views the crimson field of strife,
 The frantic eye, that glared o'er scenes of death
 The dusky chieftains and the glitt'ring knife,
 The writhing lip, the quick, convulsive breath

'hey fell, but not a thought to heaven arose,
 Nor mute confession of the lips was there ;
 'hey sunk to nature's last and long repose,
 To earth no lingering look, to heaven no prayer.

lo glorious pledge they knew of pard'ning grace,
 And love that left the chrystal thrones of heaven,
 When ebbing life had journey'd through its race,
 No light, no gladness, and no hopes were given.

Without a glimpse of sacred love divine,
 They drank each other's blood and sought the
 grave ;
 Nor view'd one ray of light before them shine,
 To cheer, to gladden, to console, and save.

Yon triple mounds that bloom o'er Wabash's tide,
 Instruct the inquiring footstep, where they sleep ;
 And many a swain shall linger on their side,
 And many a thoughtful eye shall pause and weep.

For who can view the ashes that remain,
 And think what was, what is, and what must be,
 And yet refuse a tributary strain,
 Nor drop a tear to frail humanity ?

In western wave has sunk the golden day,
The eagle's wings his cloudcapt cliff regain,
The tinkling flocks resume their homeward way,
And pointed shadows wax along the plain.

Farewell, Vincennes, and Wabash's chrystal wave,
The nightly owl has pealed his boding cry ;
Farewell, ye three green tombs, that hold the brave
The world itself's a tomb, where all shall lie.



THE BOSOM SO HOLY.

Suggested by the death of a young lady, whose virtues and exertions for the dissemination of the gospel have been deservedly eulogized, and whose sufferings and untimely end will be long and sincerely regretted.

The bosom so holy, so feeling a heart
 Ne'er rested till Jesus was borne to the dying,
 When nearest its object, twas called on to part,
 When brightest on earth it was nearest to flying;
 But why should we weep for the soul that has risen
 On the pinions of mercy to glory in heaven?

Dear Harriet, the star newly bathed in the waters,
 That flow from the fountains of wisdom and light,

The brightest, the meekest of earth's weeping
daughters,

Thine orb scarcely risen descended in night,
But the rays that it scatter'd shall cheer and relume,
Though the source of their splendor has sunk in the
tomb.



SOLDIER OF HADLEY. (1)

From the breasts of the fallen were crimson tides
streaming,

And life from their bosoms forever had past ;

All dim was the eye once refulgently beaming,

The swords of the brave had exerted their last ;

They mingled in war, for the dear homes contended,
[thine blended,

Where their joys had grown up and their sympathy

For the foemen in arms from afar had descended,

Their happiness, peace, and affections to blast.

E'en hope had departed, her heroes were dying,

And Hadley was sorrow'd and joyless at heart,

Her matrons and children with terror were flying,

For the knife of the savage had acted its part ;

Their blankets were yellow, their plumes the
green willow,

They came in canoes o'er Connecticut's billow,

The bow was well strung and the earth was the
pillow,

Of those who encountered its poisonous dart.

Oh, then from the woods near the battle that tower'd,
[cried,

Came a brightly arm'd soldier and sternly he
To the few who were living, though quite over-
power'd, [died.

And encourag'd when hope from the bravest had
A sash rich with gold round his bosom wastwining,
A plume dipp'd in blood o'er his brow was reclining,

His robe white as snow far behind him was shining,
And the few who were living were soon at his
side.

With plume dy'd in crimson and white garments
waving,

The soldier of Hadley rush'd onward before :
Like the leaves that are strown, when the tempest
is raving,

The foe-men have fallen to triumph no more.

THE ALGONQUINS.

The Frenchmen were there and advised them to
flee.

To the furthestmost shores, that encircle the sea ;
Where the hills were untrodden and wild as the
breeze, [trees.

They might sail on the waters or hunt through the

We would flee, said the chiefs, from the land of our
birth,

As you wish to the furthestmost shores of the earth ;
But the foot of Algonquin by no means may go
From the land, where his countrymen's ashes are
low.

Shall we say to our ancestors, rise, and renew,
The strength of your manhood our steps to pursue ?

Shall we say to them burst from the sleep of your
 graves,
And follow your sons to the dark, western waves ?

So hear us, ye French, till the moss covered stones
Of the valley retire from our forefathers bones,
And their ashes escape from their mansions of clay
We'll perish or live, where our forefathers lay.



THE CAPTIVE SAILOR.

Roll on, ye dark waves of the loud, swelling ocean,
 Ye never can equal my bosom's commotion ; [low,
 How calm and how sunny would be thy dark bil-
 If 'neath it my wo-humbled head I could pillow,

And forget all the pangs and the griefs that beset !
 When I left the sweet home, that was brightest
 and dearest, [nearest.

And sought the wild ocean, where dangers are
 How my father bewail'd as his trembling voice
 bless'd me, [press'd me,

And my mother sobb'd loud to her lips as she
 And utter'd a sorrow'd, heart-rending farewell !

The delights of that home have all faded forever,
 No more shall its pleasures rejoice me, and never,
 Oh, never the faithful and fond one behind me,
 With transport again to her bosom shall bind me,
 And the vows that we plighted with transport re-
 new.

Alas, with the foe-men in slavery I languish,
 Dejected and tortur'd my heart bleeds with anguish

But my heart is quite broken, my soul ere to-mor-
row, [row,
Shall burst from this mansion of weeping and sor-
And ascending forever shall bid it adieu.

Then bleeding and pallid, he sunk down despairing,
And the breast form'd for honor, for friendship and
daring, [verely,
No more rues the chains, that were bound so se-
Nor throb'd, for the friends, it had cherish'd so
Its feverish pulses of anguish were o'er. [dearly.
They flung him beneath the green wave of the ocean,
For death had subdued all his bosom's commotion,
And white was the shroud far below the rude billow,
The sea-cave his hammock, a rock was his pillow,
And grief shall reside in his bosom no more.



OH, IT IS SWEET TO RUN WITH
THEE.

Oh, it is sweet to run with thee,
This thorny round of earthly being ;
To know, that one the same will be,
When every sunbeam friend is fleeing.

Oh, there is one, that one how dear !
If fortune, bliss, and all forsake me,
There's one to shed with mine the tear,
And to her bleeding bosom take me.

Oh, be it ours, bound soul in soul,
To tread the wave of life's dark ocean ;

And nought we'll fear, when billows roll,
Nor dread the whirlwind's rude commotion.

Our love shall be our polar light,
And whether weal or wo betide us,
Through raging storm and shadowy night,
Its blaze shall shine to cheer and guide us.



LOVELLSPOND.

*The scene in 1725, of a desperate encounter with
the savages.*

In the earth's verdant bosom, still, crumbling, and
cold,

Sleep the soldiers who mingled in battle of old ;
They rush'd to the slaughter, they struggled, and
fell,

And the clarion of glory was heard in their knell.

Those brave men have long been unconscious and
dead,

The pines murmur sadly above their green bed,
And the owl and the raven chant loudly and drear,
When the moon-beam o'er Lovellspond shines on
their bier.

The light of the sun has just sunk in 'he wave,
Oh, in billows of blood sat the sun of the brave ;
The waters complain as they roll o'er the stones,
And the rank grass encircles a few scatter'd bones.

The eye that was sparkling no longer is bright,
The arm of the mighty death conquer'd its might ;
The bosoms thst once for their country beat high,
To those bosoms the sods of the valley are nigh.

The shout of the hunter is loud on the hill,
And sounds softly echo o'er forest and rill ;
But the jangling of arms shall be heard of no more,
Where the heroes of Lovellspond slumber'd in gore.

THE LINGERING ROSES.

The lingering roses on yon mossy wall,
When summer has faded shall wither and fall ;
And the pleasures of life, though as blooming as they,
Like them too shall wither, like them shall decay.

Maria, our bliss is an elegant flower,
That opens its petals and shines for an hour ;
The flower is lifeless when winter is drear,
And pleasures will vanish when death shall be near.

And yet there's a flower, that's cherish'd in heaven,
Tis bright as the tint of a gold, summer's even,
And those on the earth who will plant it shall view
It shine through eternity fragrant and new.

SWEET HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

**Sweet harp of my country ! why hears not thy grot.
Through its bright, hollow chambers, thy min-
strealsy swelling ? [got ?
Have thy chords their seducing enchantment for-
Have music and glory forsaken thy dwelling ?**

Sweet harp of my country ! how many long days,
Of silence, affliction, and sleep must we number,
Ere the light of thy song shall console with its blaze,
And thy chords shall forever escape from their
slumber ?

Oh, soon may the wreaths, all unsullied and bright,
Grow verdantly round thee with splendor unbroke-
ken.

And thy halls utter music and spells of delight,
With a magic too holy and high to be spoken.

Oh, soon may some hand more befitting than mine
With a glow that is worthy rush skilfully o'er
thee, [thine,
And to all the dear wildness and sweetness, that's
To honor, to freedom, and virtue restore thee.



NOTES.



(a) *The Pilgrims.*

An appellation which is frequently given to that part of Mr. Robinson's congregation, who arrived at Plymouth in 1620, for the purpose of enjoying, in the wilderness and at the expense of complicated sufferings, the undisturbed and conscientious exercise of their own methods of devotion.

(b) *Isle of the Dead.*

The spot referred to is a small island on the western side of Lake Champlain, which was selected as the place of interment for the brave men who perished in the naval engagement in the autumn of 1814.

(c) The Birchen Canoe.

It is related as a tradition, that one of the soldiers who fought at Lovellspond in 1725, on being desperately wounded crept into a birchen canoe, and in that condition was wafted to the other side beyond the reach of the conflict ; and the probability is, considering how few escaped to tell the issue of that day's sanguinary encounter, that his life and sufferings were ended beneath the wave.

(d) Lucinda.

The story of Miss McRea, celebrated by Barlow in the 6th book of the Columbiad, under the name of Lucinda, her ardent attachment to Heartly, and the untimely extinction of her hopes and existence, while in search of him, by the unrelenting barbarity of two Mohawks, are interwoven in the familiar history of our country, and are too well known to need a minute recital.

(e) River of Blood.

In the year 1775, the river Saco suddenly exhibited a crimson appearance, and, in the estima-

tion at least of the credulous and uninformed, this singular aspect of its waters was a providential and positive indication of the sanguinary struggles which were about to ensue ; it was known, however, afterwards, that this uncommon change of colour was occasioned by the accessions of a tributary, which had newly broken out from the side of the White Mountains, and had passed in its progress through a bed of iron ore.

(f) *Onontague,*

— the name of an Onondaga sachem, who was taken prisoner in 1696, by the French and their savage allies, and at the advanced age of an hundred years put to death with the most excruciating tortures. To an Indian, who struck him with a knife, with the intention of terminating at once his insults and his existence, he replied calmly; "you should not have done thus, you would have had more time to learn to die like a man." *Charlevoix, Raynal.*

(g) *On the giant White Mountains.*

This was designed, not more as a tribute to New Hampshire scenery than to the memory of the celebrated ornithologist Wilson, who in a letter of 1812, to the editor of the *Port Folio*, written a short time before his decease, speaks of his visit to the White Mountains, and of the grandeur and extent of the prospect afforded from their elevated summits in enthusiastic terms of admiration.

(h) *Humphrey Gilbert.*

It is related in Belknap's Biography, that the *Hind* and *Squirrel*, English frigates, in July 16— set sail from the eastern coast of North America for England. On a night of the September following, the *Squirrel*, lighted up and under a heavy press of sail, suddenly disappeared in the sea. The admiral, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the day before the submersion of his vessel, was observed in the stern diligently engaged in the perusal of a book, and was heard by the crew of the *Hind* to exclaim, "We are as nigh heaven by sea, as by land."

(i) *The Premonition.*

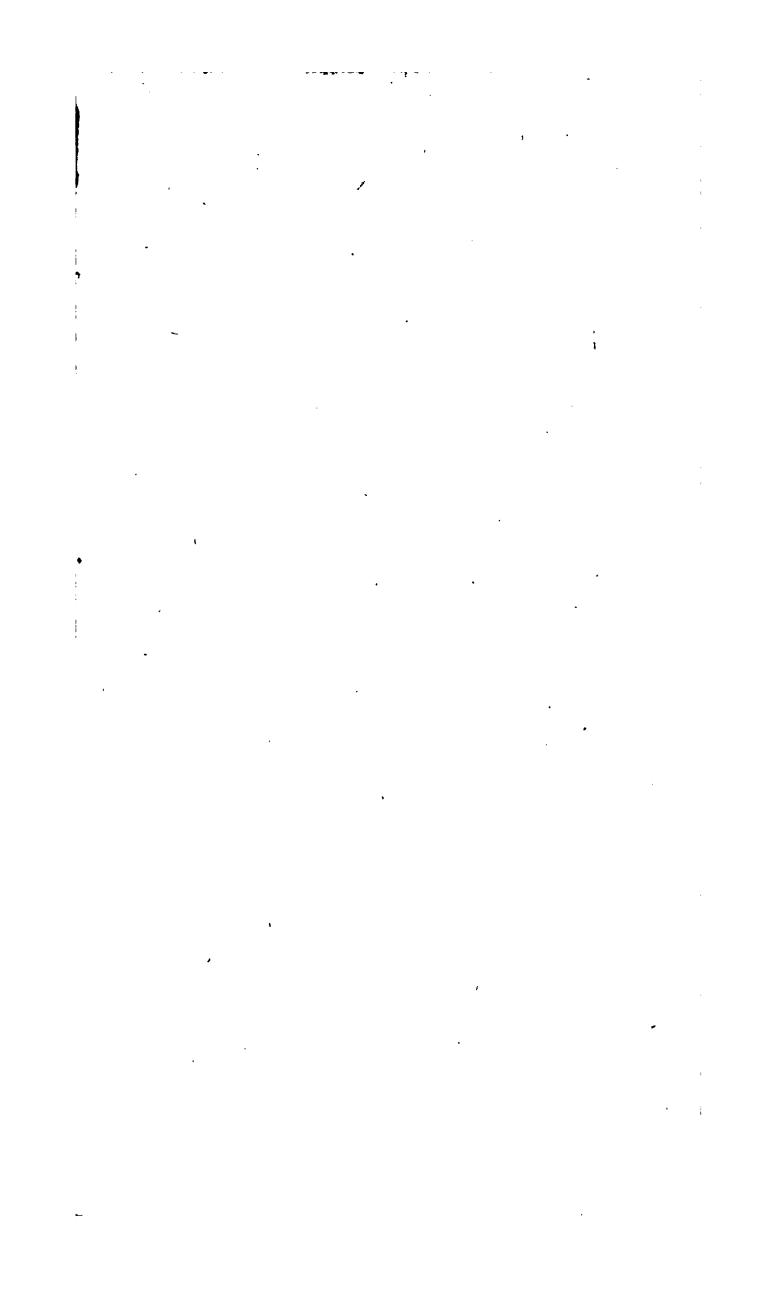
These stanzas were suggested by a superstition which is still prevalent among the common people, that the strife of armies and the "pomp and circumstance of war," were visible in the sky previous to the revolution, and were exhibited as the precursors of the approaching struggle.

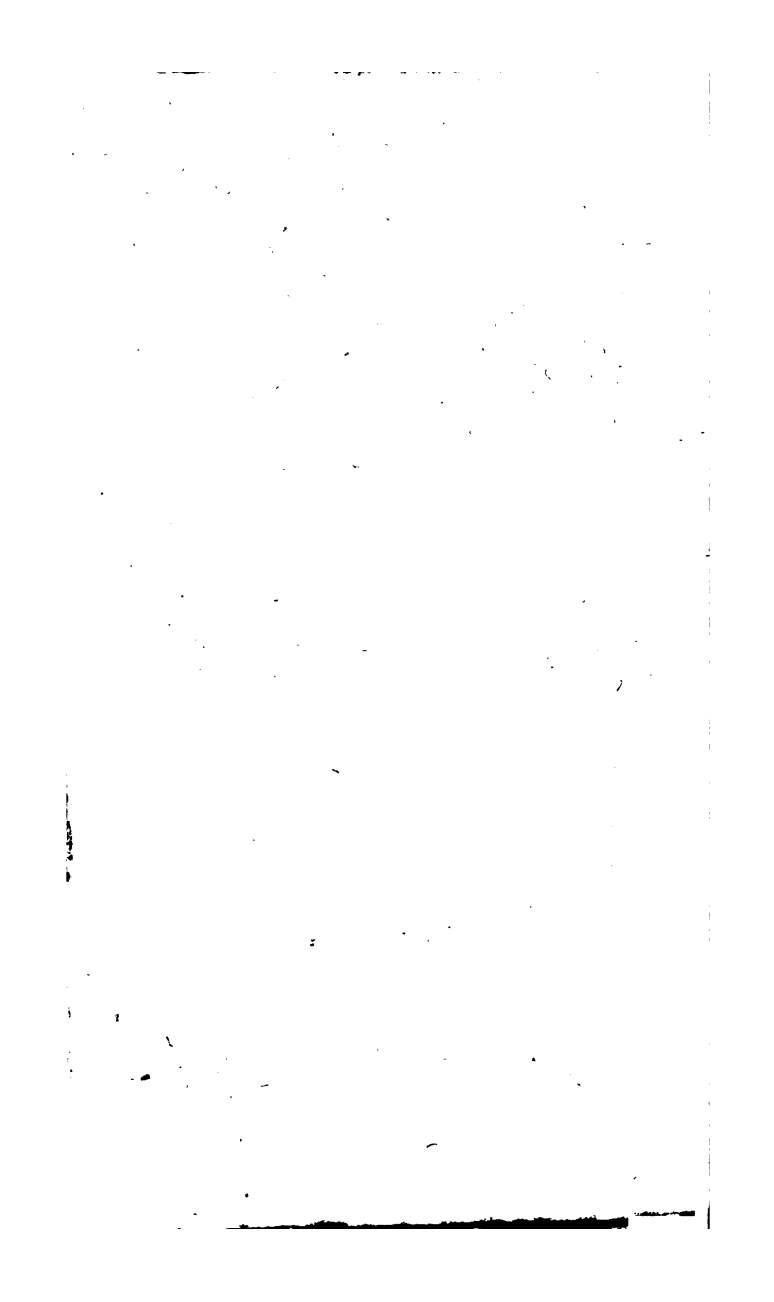
(k) *Isle of Wococon.*

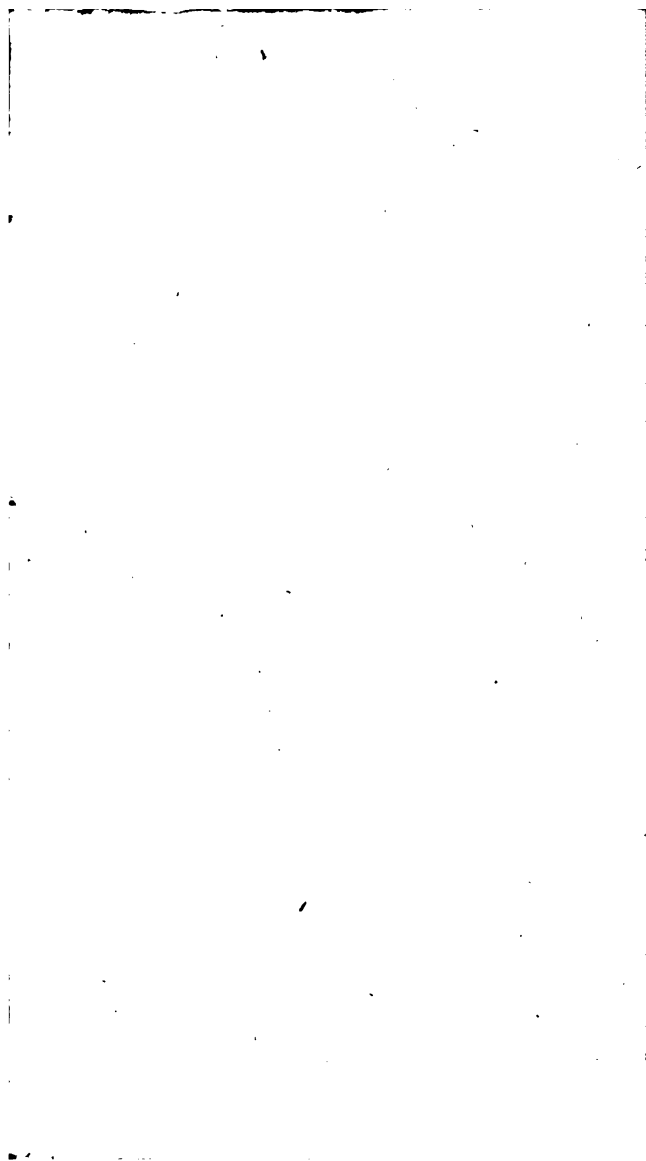
Wingina, the name of the character introduced here, was one of the savages, who was carried away from the coast of Virginia by sir Walter Raleigh, and the sentiments he is supposed to utter are such as would naturally flow from a person on leaving perhaps forever the soil of his nativity, and the scenes endeared by a multitude of affecting recollections.

(1) Soldier of Hadley.

On the first of September, 1675, the town of Hadley was attacked by the savages in time of public worship, and the people were thrown into the utmost confusion ; but suddenly a stranger in an uncommon dress appeared among them, put himself at their head, led them into action and repulsed the enemy. This remarkable personage disappeared as suddenly as he came, and was never seen by the inhabitants afterwards. *Stiles, Hubbard.*







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H.M.



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